Fairy Knight Flattery

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/85848946.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
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Category:
F/F

Fandom:
Fate/Grand Order

Relationship:
Barghest | Saber/Reader

Characters:
Barghest | Saber, Reader

Additional Tags:
Holding Hands, Forehead Kisses, Cuddling & Snuggling, Sleepiness, Comfort, Master/Servant, Fluff, Strength, Muscles, Size Difference, Love Confessions, Reader-Insert, Female Reader-Insert, Embarrassment, Knights - Freeform

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-05-31 Words: 2,641 Chapters: 1/1

Fairy Knight Flattery

by Bordementions

Summary

Barghest confesses her love for the one who summoned her

Notes

Yayyyyyyyyyyy more big women woohoos

I know barg is like only 6'3 but yknow what I have the creative power of my brain and I used my headcanon beam to make her even bigger and awesomer and more moe. Big embarrassed stoic knight puppy that falls in love easily. i want her to pick me up and swing me around in a circle

Writing fate stuff but don't cave my skull in if something is wrong I'm a larper and I'm using my friends for all my info

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The metal corridors of the Storm Border felt the same as they always had, the walls themselves humming with the same vibration of the engines always gave, a sound that had long since become the background track to your life. As a survivor of Chaldea, your days were a blurred rotation of briefings, monitoring leyshifts, and plotting your next move regarding the Lostbelts with whoever else was available. You had spent the morning hunched over holographic maps, analyzing coordinates in the briefing room until your eyes burned.

Deciding that your brain desperately needed a reset before you accidentally authorized a catastrophic resource deployment, you stepped out into the hallway to take a quick break.

Your destination was the dining hall. The ship's automated kitchen facilities—and whatever spare ingredients that could be scraped together—were currently your best friend. After a few minutes of browsing, you managed to secure a small plate of warm, lightly sweetened biscuits. It wasn't a feast by any regard, but it was exactly the kind of comfort you needed to power through the rest of today.

Balancing the small plate in one hand, you turned a corner into one of the broader transit corridors that connected the living quarters to the training facilities.

That was when you saw her.

Towering over the sleek, sterile architecture was Barghest. Even without her full, intimidating plate armor, her physical presence was staggering. Standing near damn monolithic, pure, sculpted muscle, she looked like a building in the small space. She was wearing her form-fitting dark blue bodysuit, her long, voluminous hair tied back in a loose, wavy ponytail that still cascaded past her waist. Wisps of steam literally evaporated off her broad shoulders—a testament to whatever brutal workout routine she had just put herself through in the simulator rooms.

"Hey, Barghest!" you called out, offering a warm smile as you closed the distance between you. Your head tilted back automatically, a familiar habit born from the massive height difference between your frame and hers. "Just finishing up a training session?"

Barghest snapped to attention at the sound of your voice. Her piercing eyes—the left a clear teal-blue, her right a vivid, standard orange—widened in sudden, unmistakable panic.

"M-Master?!" she gasped.

The proud, majestic Knight of the Round Table suddenly looked as though she had been caught doing something incredibly illicit. A deep, furious crimson flush rushed up her neck, instantly painting her sharp cheekbones and the tips of her ears. She stumbled backward a half-step, her hands coming up as if to hide her face, before she realized how ridiculous she looked and awkwardly dropped them to her sides.

You blinked, utterly charmed by the display. For all her terrifying reputation as the ruthless "Lord Black Dog" who preached the survival of the fittest, her tendency to get easily flustered was something you found incredibly endearing.

"Whoa, easy there," you chuckled, taking another step closer. "Are you alright? You look like you've seen a ghost. Or... did the simulator set the difficulty to maximum again?"

"I—no! I am completely unscathed! The training was entirely adequate!" Barghest cleared her throat with a booming, artificial cough, desperately trying to modulate her voice back into its usual commanding, knightly tone. "I merely did not expect to run into you in this particular sector at this hour. I am... presentable, I trust? I assure you, I am in full control of my faculties!"

"You look fine, Barghest. Great, actually," you said, gesturing down the hall. "I was just heading over to the seating area to have a quick snack before I have to go back to the command room. Want to join me? You look like you could use a breather."

Barghest looked down at you, her eyes shimmering with a mixture of relief and lingering embarrassment. "A joint recess? With you? Well... a knight should not turn down the hospitality of her master. Very well. Lead the way."

You walked side-by-side to a small recess in the corridor equipped with a table and a couple of built-in benches. It was a funny sight—you were just able to slide easily into the booth, while Barghest had to carefully maneuver herself into the space, sitting down with a heavy, deliberate sigh that made the bench creak slightly.

You set the plate of biscuits between the two of you. "Here. Take some. I know how much energy you burn through, especially after a workout."

Barghest stared at the small plate, her expression instantly softening into something incredibly sweet, though she tried to mask it with her usual stern discipline. "You are sharing your provisions? With me? Master, you truly are... far too soft-hearted for your own good. Where I'm from, the strong take what they wish, yet you freely offer your sustenance to me without issue."

"Well good thing we're on the Storm Border and not there then," you replied, sliding the plate an inch closer to her. "Consider it a gift. Eat up."

She hesitated, her large fingers looking absurdly big against the delicate pastry as she gently picked one up. She took a bite, and you could practically see the invisible dog ears on her head perk up with delight.

"It is... exceptionally well-made," she murmured, a genuine, gentle smile finally breaking through her stoic mask. She swallowed and looked down at you, the flush on her face softening into a warm, affectionate glow. "You have my gratitude. I suppose... even a creature as unruly as myself can appreciate the quiet moments this vessel provides. As long as I am by your side then Proper Human History may be somewhat worthwhile."

You watched as Barghest finished the biscuit, her body still radiating a palpable, nervous energy. She kept shifting her weight on the bench, her eyes darting from the plate, to the walls, and then down to her own tightly clenched, calloused hands.

"Everything alright, Barghest?" you asked, leaning your chin on your hand with a soft smile. "You're kicking up a storm over there. I can practically hear your thoughts racing."

"I am merely... reflecting," she said quickly, her voice a bit too loud for the space between tou. She cleared her throat, trying to regain her composure. "A knight must always reflect on her duties. And her... her surroundings."

"Right. Reflecting," you chuckled, noticing the way her gaze instantly dropped to the floor the moment you caught her looking at you.

"Do not mock me, Master," she murmured, though there was no bite to her words. Instead, a profound sadness suddenly flickered across her sharp features, extinguishing the proud demeanor she usually wore like armor. She looked utterly agonizingly conflicted, her shoulders drooping slightly. "It is just... I look at you. So small. So incredibly

fragile. Your kindness… is so liberating. By all the laws of nature I hold absolute, the weak should bend to the strong. Yet..."

She choked on her own words, her chest heaving as she fought against a wave of intense emotion. The sheer gravity of what she was holding back seemed to physically strain her.

"Yet, I cannot bring myself to see you that way," Barghest suddenly burst out, her voice dropping to a small, vulnerable whisper. She looked up at you, her eyes flashing with a desperate, guilty intensity. "I love you. I have come to value you above all else on this vessel, above my own pride. It terrifies me, because I know how easily you could break, and I know what a monster I am. But despite your weakness... my heart belongs to you."

She collapsed back against the wall of the booth, bracing herself for shock, rejection, or fear. To Barghest, confessing love to someone weaker than herself was a tightrope walk over a dark abyss she had already found herself in before—a direct defiance of her predatory nature that filled her with instinctive guilt.

You, however, just blinked at her. Then, a slow, amused grin spread across your face.

"Barghest," you said softly, letting out a breathless laugh. "Did you really work yourself up into a panic just to tell me that?"

The towering Fairy Knight blinked, her intense expression instantly melting into pure, unadulterated confusion. "M-Master? Did you not hear me? I confessed my affection! I am a creature of the night, a Calamity, and you are—"

"I heard you perfectly," you interrupted gently, leaning across the table and reaching out to grasp her hand. Your small fingers could barely wrap around the side of her palm, but you squeezed it reassuringly. "And I accept. Honestly, I've felt the same way for a while now. You just made such a massive, dramatic deal out of it, I thought you were about to tell me the Storm Border was sinking."

Barghest sat entirely frozen, her jaw slightly slack as her mind struggled to process how easily, how effortlessly, you had dismantled her inner turmoil. "You... accept? Just like that? Without fear?"

"We're friends, Barghest. Close friends who happen to love each other now," you laughed, finding the sheer volume of emotion flitting across her face absurd. "You don't need to overthink it. See? The world didn't

end."

A slow, radiant joy began to break through her bewilderment. Her chest puffed out, a massive, tearful smile spreading across her face as her eyes shone with overwhelming happiness. For a knight known as the most feared in Britain, she looked like an incredibly overjoyed.

"I... I see," she choked out, her voice thick with a sudden, emotional warmth. "You truly are a strange, Master. To hold a monster's hand and laugh..."

"Come here," you said, standing up from your side of the booth.

Instead of walking away, you stepped over to her side. Barghest watched you with wide, curious eyes as you slid right into the middle of her bench, placing yourself directly between her thighs and settling back into her lap.

The moment your back pressed against her abdomen, Barghest went rigid as a board. She looked down at your petite body swallowed up by her towering physique, her hands hovering awkwardly in the air, completely terrified to touch you.

"M-Master?! What are you doing?" she squeaked, her voice going up an octave. "I am—I am far too big! I might crush your ribs if I squeeze too hard!"

"You won't break me, Barghest. I trust you," you said softly, leaning back against her chest and gently pulling one of her massive, warm arms around your waist. "Just relax."

Hearing your encouragement, she let out a long, shuddering sigh, all the tension melting out of her. She slowly wrapped her arms completely around you, pulling you securely against her chest. Because of the sheer size difference, you were completely enveloped by her, held snugly against her core like a cherished, delicate plushie.

You let out a contented hum, feeling the deep, steady rhythm of her heart against your back. Barghest rested her chin gently on top of your head, her hair cascading over your shoulders like a protective blanket.

That's how the two of you remained for quite some time, simply indulging in each others warmth.

Cocooned by her powerful arms and surrounded by that lovely heat,

the sterile metal hallway completely faded away. You let your head rest back against her shoulder, eyes half-lapsed into a content daze. It was, without a question, the most comfortable you had been since the Lostbelts began.

A low, heavy sigh rumbled deep within Barghest's chest, vibrating right through your back.

"Master..." she murmured, her voice laced with a reluctant, gentle firmness. "As much as my soul wishes to eternalize this moment... time waits for no one. You have preparations to oversee, and I must report back to the armory to maintain my equipment."

"Mmm, five more minutes," you mumbled into her shoulder, willfully sinking deeper into her lap. You wrapped your hands over her forearms, anchoring yourself in place. "The maps aren't going anywhere. Neither is the armory."

"We cannot be idle," she insisted, though the way her arms instinctively tightened around you betrayed her words. "Chaldea's survival depends on our discipline. You must return to your station."

"Nope. Too comfortable," you countered playfully, tilting your head back to flash her a mischievous grin. You could see the internal battle waging across her features, her eyes wide with a mix of adoration and sheer, rigid duty. "If you want me to move, Barghest, you're just going to have to make me. I'm staying right here."

Barghest blinked down at you, momentarily stunned by your blatant defiance. "You... you dare challenge my authority with such indolence? I am a knight. I am not a piece of furniture to be negotiated with."

"Then move me," you challenged, laughing softly.

She went quiet for a few seconds, her gaze drifting over you as she calculated how best to go about your request. Before a proud, slightly competitive smirk slowly tugged at the corner of her lips. If her Master thought a little stubbornness could best a Fairy Knight, then she had a duty to correct that assumption.

"Very well," Barghest rumbled, a playful note entering her voice. "You have brought this upon yourself."

Before you could even brace yourself, her large hands slid under your arms. With absolutely zero leverage and the kind of comical ease

usually reserved for lifting a toy, Barghest stood straight up from the bench, hoisting you directly into the air.

"Whoa—!" you gasped, your stomach dropping in a sudden burst of surprise as the ground vanished beneath your feet.

You erupted into a fit of breathless laughter, dangling a good foot and a half above the floor. Barghest held you aloft by your underarms, her posture effortlessly straight, her shoulders locked as she held your weight as if you were made of feathers.

"See?" Barghest proclaimed triumphantly, her chest puffing out as she looked you dead in the eye, a magnificent, satisfied grin on her face. "You are completely powerless against my strength, Master! Your rebellion is suppressed!"

"Alright, alright, you win! You're the strongest!" you laughed, your hands coming up to rest on her shoulders for balance.

As you swung gently in her grip, you looked at her proud, beaming face. Yielding to a sudden spark of affection, you leaned forward, using her shoulders to pull yourself up just an extra inch, and pressed a soft, lingering kiss right against the center of her forehead.

Barghest froze instantly.

The proud, victorious smirk vanished, replaced by an expression of sheer, unadulterated shock. A furious, fiery crimson flush erupted across her face, traveling so fast it practically turned her ears bright red. Her eyes flaring vividly, and for a second, the mighty Fairy Knight looked entirely short-circuited.

"M-M-Master?!" she squeaked, her voice cracking in a way that was profoundly un-knightly.

"Thanks for the lift, Barghest," you smiled warmly.

Utterly flustered and completely unable to handle the sheer volume of affection, Barghest hurriedly—yet with extreme care—set you back down onto your feet. The moment your shoes hit the metal floor, she took a hasty step back, her hands coming up to cover her reddened face, her eyes darting everywhere but at you.

"That was—you are—such tactics are entirely unfair!" she stammered, her towering frame practically vibrating with embarrassment. "A knight cannot defend against such... such sudden maneuvers!"

Laughing joyfully at how easily you had turned the tables on the her, you gave her a quick wave, turning on your heel. "See you later, Barghest!"

With a bright smile, you turned the corner and ran off down the corridor, feeling completely energized for the rest of your day. Behind you, standing in the middle of the hallway, Barghest was left alone, staring at the empty space with a dazed, deeply lovestruck smile on her face.

End Notes

Unfortunately I am going to be forced to write barg eating them next. Sorry thems the rules.

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